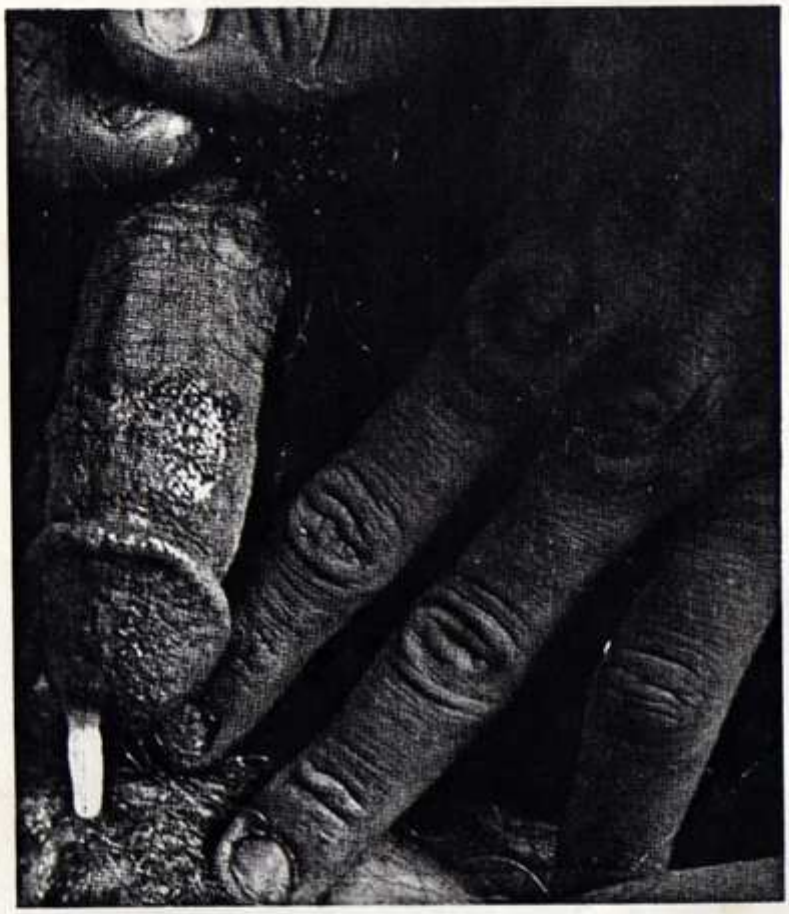

PURE

PURE

"Man is and remains an animal. Here a beast of prey, there a housepet, but always an animal."

- JOSEPH GOEBBELS

In our search for extremes, we are constantly bombarded with humanist, feminist and other equally assinine diatribes that writers employ to alleviate the strain on their "conscience" or to try and seduce us into their maudlin world of false securities and self-contempt. PURE exists, then, for those who desire extremes and are tired of listening to, and/or acting like housepets. PURE satiates and encourages true lusts.

There is no need to convince outsiders of a philosophy, nor any reason to hide or pawn our tastes and instincts off as a moralistic examination of "the dark side of human nature". There is no mission to force a begrudged acceptance of the supposed "true state of the human condition". We offer no such safeties, and monitary concerns aside, new liberal and free-thinking converts are of little use. PURE exists for those who want it.

It is wise to establish personal contact with PURE as censorship is strong and it is difficult making PURE mass-marketably available. Subscriptions are available and recommended. A video compilation is also in the offing. Write for more information.

- PURE, January, 1984

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P.O. BOX 14297
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS
60614 - 0297
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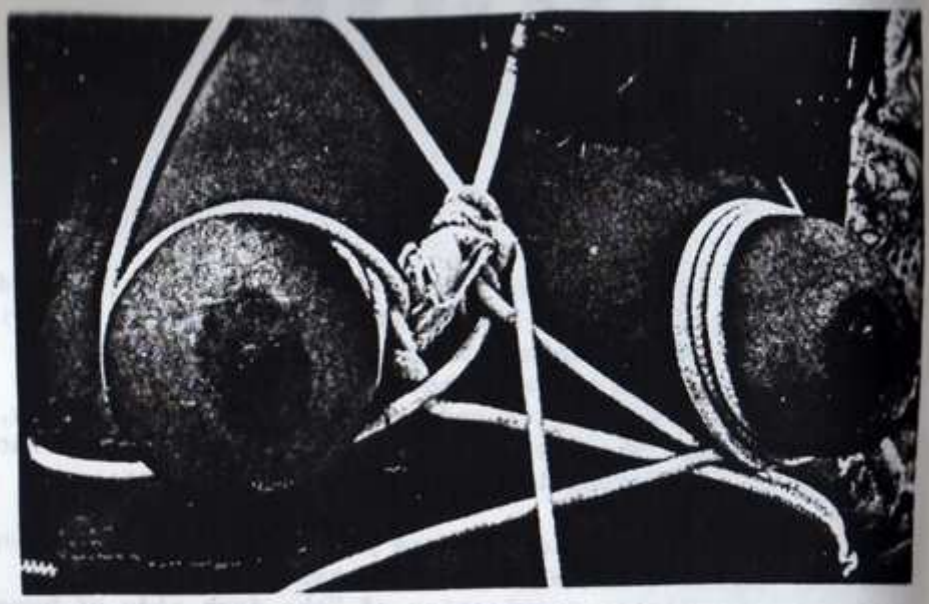
Axe-murder victim



CHICAGO SUN-TIMES, FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 23, 1983

Focus: Chicago Area

VAN VISIT: Robin Gecht, accused of slashing a prostitute on the Near North Side last Oct. 6, sits in the back of a police car Thursday as jurors examine his van, in which the attack allegedly took place. (Sun-Times Photo by Don Bierman)

DUGS

"Upon my soul", the Duc observed, "I find the conclusion of that man's operation very reasonable indeed, and I too have never been able to believe that teats were intended for anything but bum-wipes."

"One may be certain", said Curval, who at the moment was rather brutally handling those belonging to the sweet and tender Aline, "one may be certain indeed that a tit is a very infamous object. I never catch sight of one without being plunged straightway into a rage. Upon seeing these things I experience a certain disgust, a certain repugnance assails me ...only a cunt has a worse and more decided effect upon me."

D.A.F. de Sade,'120 Days of Sodom'

beverly washington age 19 was a prostitute. Now she is nothing but a short, fat black slut who sits on a stool at Chicago's criminal court building trying to elicit sympathy from a jury of bored, middle-aged insects. she is the main witness in the people's trial against Robin Gecht. Gecht, who is charged with mutilating young beverly-for-sale's dugs, sits across from her, staring acerbically.

Wearing large breasts of silicone gel in a white flowered print and stereotypical black's dress, beverly speaks in a sick, broken and slurred mumble. she cries as she recalls her poor little life's story of pain and degradation. How she was forced into a life of street whoring and diseased cock sucking by the man she loved. And how her lover-cum-pimp conned his way into her naive young heart with promises of love, marriage and forever-togetherness. The insects lower their heads at such obvious pain, while a few court observers twitch excitedly, though careful to check their elation as bev sobs between the words that convey her many agonies.

beverly met Richard Marks when she was just a young thing going to school and living at home with her parents. Marks confided to bev his dreams of building a lovely home with her, of raising wonderful children, and no doubt, of

growing fantastically old and forever collecting welfare together. But, he lamented, in order to live a life of bliss in today's miserable white world, niggers needs money; and the best and easiest way for him to get it would be for little darling beverly to sell her little darling fuck-hole. So, her mind dancing with phantasms of sunshine, flowers and endless food stamps, bev dropped out of school and moved out of her family's home into the street. There, she filled her mouth and gaping cunt with hairy cocks to earn the money they needs for their assured bright future. Sadly, most of her clients were probably unaware of the slut's honest, virtuous ideals as she swallowed their cum and licked their balls. They were also unaware of her young age because at 19, plopped there on t witness stand, beverly already looked old, used and worn out. Like an old worn out black shoe, she was a young, stepped on fucked cunt. her pimp was clearly an accomplish manipulator who completely understood the magnificence and marketability a ploy such as love holds and exploited it to the utmost.

But, as incredibly enjoyable as bev's torrid past was, the court was soon to see that it was but a mere tease for the main event yet to come. The black harmed innocent turned her attention to one particular night when it was her grave misfortune to meet Mr. Robin Gecht, a good looking white man from Chicago. Robin drove up to bev's street corner and offered her more money than she had aske for. The impressed money-hungry slattern climbed in the red Dodge van and off they drove. bev, being an ignorant female made more stupid by her blackness, assumed Robin was being careful to avoid cops and kept her reservations about leaving her area to herself. Arriving at a dark car-park near Chicago's lake front, Robin instructed the whore to get in the back of the van where she could comfortably suck his dick. bev lumbered between the front swivel seats and kneeled down on the carpeted floor in the back. she turned and faced Robin, who had climbed in behind her, and waited for him to stick his cock into her gaping thick-lipped whore's mouth. But instead, Robin produced a gun and a large butcher's knife and commanded

Tribune photo by Frank Hanes

Robin Gecht, on trial for stabbing a prostitute, waits in a squad car Thursday as jurors look over his van at a police auto pound.

her to remove her clothes. Frightened and obedient, bev quickly undid her blouse buttons, exposing her large brown breasts and wide blackish nipples. she stripped off the rest of her garish street shit clothes and trembled naked, awaiting her uncertain fate. Robin bent down and began to visciously manhandle her big dugs. Squeezing and tugging at them like tough breadloafs, Robin grabbed their full weight with his hot excited hands. Digging his nails into the taut brown flesh and pinching her big rubbery nipples. He pulled out a long rubber rope and lasciviously tied the slut's large tits around and together. bev started to cry. Robin, not wanting to hear her female noize, told her he only wanted to make her saggy tits harder and look bigger and beverly stupidly quieted down. The incorrigible libertine then handcuffed her hands behind her back and cuffed her ankles together to a wooden pole erected at the side of the van. bev began to bawl again, her thick breasts

brutally bondaged and turning red from the furious beating and tight ropes. Robin forced a handful of blue pills into her mouth and splashed coke down her throat to make her swallow. He told the miserable bitch to quiet down, that the pills were only to make her horny. Robin knew that bev would build up typical naive hopes and he enjoyed watching her despair as he tore each one down in slow succession. Unfastening his pants, Robin liberated his large erect penis and slammed it violently into bev's pleading mouth. He rammed it in all the way till it hit the back of her throat. bev remembered it made her want to vomit. His balls hit her nigger chin and he pumped her head back and forth, his hands squeezing her black, wirery haired temples. bev choked, spattered and gagged, tears of pain falling down her flat nose and washing Robin's throbbing hot tool. Robin fucked her fat face for nearly ten minutes. He pulled his still hard dick out of her mouth and pushed the cheap cunt down against the pole so she was lying flat. her hands cut against the shackles. Pouncing on top of her, Robin grabbed his cock and wrenched it between her fat black thighs. His spit and tear soaked hard on entered her slimy black afro-cunt and he began to pump. This act was truly a mirror of Robin' bravery, as judging from her state in the witness box, beverly could have had quite a few diseases swimming around in her fuck-hole. He slammed her ugly female wound for another ten minutes, pushing against her naked quivering flesh, with her abused tied teats pressing against his chest. Finally overcome by the pain, fright and the pills, the whimpering little bag of sweaty meat and grease passed out. Robin's libertine prick still hammering her withered hole (IN-OUT, IN-OUT), using her still body as his tool and plaything. beverly remembered nothing further.

The next morning the fucked slut was found by a garbage picker who heard her moaning. Sprawled behind a metal factory in the dirt, bev was naked, covered in blood and barely conscious. her dugs had been deliciously and brutally mutilated. The left tit had been completely cut off, leaving deep cuts that criss-crossed her chest.

Blood was caked thick in the wounds and her entire body was awash in the slick red liquid. Her other heavy tit was mangled, left hanging from her torso by some thin layers of stretched and bloody skin. The blood had stopped gushing from her wounds and had formed thick, wide pools that mixed with the gravel and dirt surrounding her body. she looked like a fat dark red worm bathing in it's own excrement. The paramedic who treated her scars later testified that he had to clean alot of street debris out of the cuts and gashes and this is fittingly appropriate. Appropriate too, is the fact that a garbage picker found her -found like the rest of the garbage, flung in dirt just like the shit she and her entire race and gender is.

Robin Gecht

NEXT ISSUE: More on Gecht. Details from his second trial, including the testimony of a sixteen year-old slag that says Robin forced her to slice into her own little tits! Also news from Edward Spreitzer's murder/mutilation trials.

Police investigate tips of 'Manson'-like mastermind in 'Ripper' murders

By Bonita Brodt

ROBIN GECHT was the middle child, wedged between six brothers and sisters. A problem child. A high school drop-out. A street kid.

Was he the mastermind in a bizarre string of "Jack the Ripper" mutilation murders?

To his neighbors in the working-class neighborhood around the 2100 block of North McVicker Avenue, on the city's near Northwest Side, Robin was friendly enough. He would wave hello whenever he walked by. He was Mr. Fixit.

A skilled contractor, electrician and all-around handyman, he would routinely volunteer to do repairs on houses on his block. He did a good job. In the year and a half that he lived there, neighbors remember lazy afternoons when his wife, Rosemary, would sit in the front yard, playing with their three young children. Robin would be puttering around, always busy at something—cutting grass, raking leaves or helping out their landlord with household repairs.

THE TINY HOUSE now sits boarded up and empty. The locks have been changed. On Halloween, Gecht and his family quickly moved out, leaving behind a trail of broken windows, trash and a mysterious little anteroom in the attic where a series of red and black crosses had been painted on the walls.

That was just the beginning.

Gecht is now under suspicion as a modern-day "Jack the Ripper," charged with non-fatal slashing attacks on two Chicago women but implicated in a string of gruesome mutilation murders in which three of his close friends are charged.

Investigators are exploring information that Gecht acted as a "Manson-like" leader of the crew, with the ability to manipulate his friends, similar to Charles Manson, whose followers committed ritualistic murders in California several years ago. There is evidence suggesting that the violent murders here may have been committed in a cult or self-styled Satan-worshiping ritual among the friends, possibly including the sacrifices of animal and human parts on an altar in Gecht's tiny attic.

Edward Spreitzer

Thomas Kokoraleis

Andy Kokoraleis

Robin Gecht

AUTHORITIES have established that the Ripper-style murders began as early as last May, though the discovery of the attacks came to light just as Gecht abandoned his house. Women were nabbed at random, and often drugged once caught, police said. Then they were slashed, raped, their breasts usually mutilated before their death.

Gecht had just been released on bond when they moved, charged with an attack on a woman he allegedly had picked up in mid-October in his 1975 red Dodge van at the corner of North and Elston Avenues. Handcuffed, she was slashed, raped, and one of her breasts was cut off. Amazingly, she survived and was found where she was dumped near some railroad tracks. The description she gave of her attacker and his red van led to Gecht's arrest.

Gecht soon was tracked down and arrested again, this time for another alleged Ripper attack. Though this woman's claims were discredited, her information led to more charges when yet another prostitute identified Gecht by photograph as the man who, last June, picked her up and carved a gaping hole in her breast.

One by one, three of Gecht's close friends—none of whom had any known history of violent crimes—were rounded up. Some startling details of several violent murders were volunteered. It is not known how many slayings are involved. Some of their information has proven false. One suspect recanted a murder confession which contained a near-perfect description of a suburban woman who is in fact missing, saying he was "just kidding."

CHARGES HAVE been filed in connection with four mutilation slayings of women and one random slaying of a man against Edward Spreitzer, 21, Andy Kokoraleis, 19, and his older brother, Thomas, 22. Authorities in both Cook and Du Page Counties say they have evidence linking one or more of the men to at least one more mutilation murder. Police may explore the possibility of making a deal with one suspect in exchange for his testimony against the others.

"The frightening thing is that we still are not clear about what we are dealing with," said one investigator. "We are very concerned about what prompted three young men with absolutely no record of violence to commit such acts."

Authorities are searching for those answers, in part, by taking a close look at Gecht, to determine possible involvement in a mass-murder conspiracy.

IT WAS 11:30 a.m., and the shades were pulled down, blotting out all the light to the

front room of a brick bungalow at 5348 N. Spaulding Ave. Green plastic evergreens are planted in a row in front of the house as hedges. Gecht's parents are divorced, neighbors and friends say, but they continue to live together in the house.

When a reporter arrived there Friday, Robin Gecht's teenage brother, Jake, answered the door. He said the rest of his family was sleeping.

"Robin didn't do anything; they just used his van," said Jake, who also has dropped out of school. He woke his father, who works at Cook County Hospital, but the father said through his son that he had nothing to say.

Robin Gecht, 28, is a slightly built man with sandy-colored hair. He was reared by his grandparents, police said, until they died, at which time he moved in with his parents. His childhood as one of seven children was apparently marred with difficulties.

FRIENDS HAVE told police that Gecht had difficulty living with his parents, especially with his mother. He was a problem child, and police said that they have information that he was beaten.

He dropped out of high school, and moved out of the house when he was about 16. He lived with various friends, but seemed to cultivate as his friends "slow" teenagers who, like himself, were street kids and high school drop-outs, police said. At 19, friends say, he married Rosemary, who was 16 at the time.

Neighbors say that the Gecht family on North Spaulding is unfriendly to others and loud, with arguments between the children often spilling out onto the sidewalk.

"The kids, all of them, grew up with a lot of responsibilities that only adults should have," said one friend of the family. "There just isn't a lot of love in the family."

ON HIS OWN, Robin Gecht worked for a time as a furnace cleaner, police said, and then trained himself as a contractor and an electrician. For about 2½ years, he operated his own business, "R and R Electric," out of a storefront on the 1600 block of North Mason Avenue, police said.

Various friends and acquaintances of Gecht have told police that Gecht was in the habit of employing "impressionable" teenage boys in his businesses, including Spreitzer and Andy Kokoraleis. They said he appeared to develop relationships with youths who could be described as "street kids" and "vulnerable."

A next-door neighbor of Gecht on North McVicker said he often saw Spreitzer and Andy Kokoraleis at the house, along with other teenage boys who would go in and out of the house at odd hours of the night. Neighbors said that Gecht often left the house during the night.

In 1980, Gecht was charged with contributing to the delinquency of a minor in connection with a sex attack on a young girl. Gecht's wife has filed for divorce, citing "inhuman treatment" and "extreme mental cruelty."

GECHT MET Spreitzer two years ago in a doughnut shop on the Northwest Side. Spreitzer went to work for Gecht, and lived with him once in Villa Park and on North McVicker.

Spreitzer, friends told police, could be described as a "slow learner." A Chicagoan, Spreitzer also was a high school drop-out. He has two previous convictions, one in 1979 for possessing a stolen car and in 1960 for theft.

How Gecht met the Kokoraleis brothers remains unclear, police said. Authorities said the Kokoraleises, sons of a Greek immigrant, moved into a seedy stretch of apartment buildings at 917 W. North Ave. in Villa Park about a year ago. Andy often worked for Gecht, police said. The two Kokoraleis brothers shuttled between Villa Park and Chicago, staying two nights at home and the rest of the week with friends in Chicago. Their mother died in the mid-1970s, police said.

The three, all younger than Gecht, were described as unkempt, tough-talking "punks." Police are uncertain whether all the suspects allegedly involved in the ritual slayings have been arrested. There also have been unconfirmed reports of homosexual conduct among the men arrested.

LUCAS & TOOLE

Henry Lee Lucas, 47 and Otis Elwood Toole, 36, are keeping police in 25 states very busy. Lucas has confessed to over 165 murders and Toole says he helped in 50 of those, committed many of his own, and started over 50 fires as well. The two were homosexual lovers who travelled across the U.S., killing at random. They robbed many of their victims, but the mass killings were mainly sexually motivated.

Police from many different states have banded together to help build an accurate picture of the incredible couple's crimes. Sgt. Jay Via of Louisiana said of the two: "They travelled constantly and they had no clear m.o.. They stabbed their victims, bludgeoned them, shot them. You name it, they did it. Both men were necrophiliacs. They had sex with their victims after killing them. Sometimes they had sex with their victims before killing them."

Hale County Sheriff, Charles Tue: "You'd think (Lucas) was at a bingo game to sit down and talk to him. He gets his kicks from raping dead women."

In Florida, Hollywood Police Chief, Sam Martin interviewed Toole and said: "He gave details of murders he and Lucas committed. The details made Charles Manson sound like Huck Finn."

Both Toole and Lucas have been giving the police the runaround. Confessions to murders have been dictated and then denied. All in order to keep the police constantly confused and Toole and Lucas amused.

Toole made headlines when he confessed to the murder of a 6 year old Adam Walsh (a freckled, blonde boy who became the subject of a NBC docu-drama) and then completely retracted it a couple of days later. Toole told police he lured the child into his car with promises of candy and toys

Otis Elwood Toole

then drove out to a desolate highway where he murdered and slaughtered the boy. Adam's cute decapitated head was found on August 10,1981 by some fishermen. He "went missing" on July 27,1981. Toole would not say where he dumped the little boy's headless torso and it has never been found. Charges for Adam's murder have not been filed against Toole because of lack of evidence.

As of now, police have evidence to charge Lucas and Toole with 28 murders in 8 states. Another 69 counts of murder from 13 states are pending and the numbers are sure to go higher.

Lucas is serving a life sentence for the killing of a 15 year old girl who he had called his "commonlaw wife". The girl, Frieda "Becky" Powell was also Toole's niece. Lucas said he and Becky had an argument over where to move next and so he stabbed her. As her bleeding corpse lay on the floor, Lucas said he sat down next to it and talked to it. "(I) talked to her about trying to figure out what to do with her body", he said. He then butchered her 15 year old dead meat into "little teeny pieces" and stuffed the remains

into an old pillow case. He said he dismembered the body because, "it was the only thing I could think of"."I hope you find all of her", he told police, "I didn't do it because I didn't love her. It was because of an argument and the difficulty I have had in my life." It should be mentioned that Lucas entered a plea of insanity in this case and so he is probably trying to play up a confused, psychopathic personality. His odd sounding sentences shoul in no way deter from the incredible sexual pleasure inhere in his descriptions. He cut up the little cunt's body with a 10 inch kitchen butcher knife.

Lucas has also been saddled with a 75 year prison sentence for the murder of an old 80 year old bitch named Kate Rich. He sliced up the old cow and threw her remains into an oven. He had been living with her as a boarder. Lucas is jailed in Denton, Texas and Toole is serving a 20 year term for arson in Florida.

Many details have yet to become clear and the next issue of PURE will definitely contain a major, in-depth examination of the pair's crimes, tastes and pleasures. In the interim, Lucas and Toole face charges on:

The murder of a young co-ed from Louisiana.

A Texas murder of an unidentified girl hitchhiker. The cunt had been butchered with a large knife and decapitated. Her bloody head was found in Arizona, her fucked body in Plainview, Texas. She was fucked before and after she was killed and slaughtered. (When Lucas was arrested, police found a two-foot dagger in his home.)

Another unidentified hitchhiker, this time in Georg town, Texas, was found beaten and strangled to death. Her body was found nude except for a pair of orange soc

A young teenage girl's body was found in a narrow ditch that Lucas led police to.

Another girl slain in Austin. Lucas explained to police everything about this attack - "down to the stab wounds and where the body was and where the clothes were".

The pair are expected to be charged soon with other sex-murders in New Mexico, Arizona, Utah, California, Oregon, South Dakota, Minnesota, Illinois, Michigan, New Jersey, West Virginia, Florida, Louisiana, Oklahoma and

Missouri.

Lucas says he killed his first person when he was 13 years old. He murdered a girl who had resisted his sexual advances. He also served 6 years in a state mental hospital for the criminally insane for killing his mother. He stabbed the 74 year old woman to death when he was 23 years old.

There looks to be many similarities with Lucas and Toole's past to that of Edmund Kemper, the "Co-ed Killer" who ran amok in California in the early seventies. Kemper killed his grandparents when he was 15, saying "I just wondered how it would feel to shoot grandma". He was an admitted sadist, necrophile and cannibal who orgasmed when he decapitated his victims. MORE NEXT ISSUE!

AP PHOTO

Henry Lee Lucas leaves the Montague, Texas, County courthouse

MARIE . . . missing for seven months

Caroline . . . naked body was found in a layby

Susan . . . she was first victim of Friday killer

KIDDIE TORTURE

Child abuse is a sublime pleasure. All the great extremes - genital torture, forced unlubricated rape, butchering; all these pleasures and more reach their pinnacle when the victim is a small child. The orifices are extremely tight and usually virgin, an absolute joy to mangle, rip and violate. The pained screams ring more shrill, more empassioned, unhampered from years of growing up fat and jaded. Virgin territory brings the fresh cries and intense reactions of crushed and forever retarded innocence.

There is an added pleasure in child torture, a pleasure that lives on even after the child lay dead and rotting. Parents. The pain of the parents allows the libertine to forever enjoy his crimes. Little kidlings are precious to parents, their lives become meaningful and important because of the little bundle of love that bounces on their knees. Their grief and sense of loss is immense when their tiny god's gifts are destroyed. Their entire lives crumble and break. An excruciating pain that becomes omnipotent as the child's memory is rendered burdensome due to the brutality and masterful eloquence of the dominant. Every time Lesley Ann Downey's mommy remembers her little dead child, her twinkling images are quickly torn to bits by Ian Brady's ingenious tortures. She hears the screams and tastes the tears that Brady wrested from her little girl's body. She sees her daughter's 10 year old body covered with Brady's hands and cum. She tries to block the picture from her mind but can't - it's a permanent pain that lives on, growing like a cancer with her darling daughter's memory.

Of course, we are referring to the child abuse master Ian Brady, who along with his controlled concubine Myra

Hindley are better known as the Moors Murderers. Brady is a true genius, a true libertine. A devoted follower of Sade and Hitler, he successfully regaled in many of the infamies loved by his mentors. To properly celebrate Brady's glorious crimes and pay the exclusive respect he so deservedly commands would indeed take volumes. His mention here serves another purpose to be understood later, though certainly in keeping with the awe, gratitude and above mentioned respect we so humbly owe him.

Little Marie, little four-year-old cute Marie is missing Her parents, Mr. and Mrs. John Payne suffer greatly because of it. They cry everyday and tell the world that they have to move from their once happy, love-filled home. "Sometimes it's hard to go on", says Marie's mother Brenda, "her little clothes are still in her drawers upstairs, and the doll's pram she had for Christmas is in our bedroom." Crying, she adds "the house is so full of memories. We want the council to move us somewhere else so we can start again."

Brenda can't even watch the tv anymore, recalling that she and Marie would sit side-by-side and gaily watch cartoons. She remembers Marie's favorite programs and whimpers "I think if I ever saw them again, that would finish me off completely. The agony is too much to bear."

Marie is thought of as being the third victim of a brilliant new lust-murderer operating in England. The press has tagged this mysterious and devious libertine "The Friday Motorway Fiend" because his little victims have all disappeared on Friday afternoons and were usually last seen near main English roads. The first victim was Susan Maxwell who was eleven years old. Her little battered body was found fifteen days after she "went missing". The second victim was a younger five year old; Caroline Hogg whose body was found ten days after her disappearance. Her body was found naked, beaten, and much to the chagrin of her parents, very much cold and dead. Little five-year-old Caroline had been on her way to a fairground, wearing a pretty little lilac party dress when she got done. The pleasure of removing her little party dress and unveiling

VITAL CLUES: The bright red clothes worn by missing tot Marie Payne

her little clean cunt must have been magnificent. Battering that little hairless gash must have been equally gratifying. The little baby crying as she realized she wasn't going to have fun at the fairground. Her confusion as The Fiend's hands grabbed her milky-white, young limbs and pinched her tiny nipples. An erect cock thrust against her little frightened face and soft hair. The final death blow and the tiny virgins' a bloody dead whore's memory.

Little Marie had been missing for seven months when police found her clothes (a little red cardigan, flowered dress, red tights, vest and white shoes) stuffed into a tree in Epping Forest. The libertine left his lofty lust marks on the garments as the police said there were "signs of sexual assault" on them. Cum and blood. As Mrs. Payne identified her little girl's clothes, she broke down. "My baby - oh no, my baby", she sobbed as her husband John tried to console her. "It's terrible, I don't know what to think anymore. Is there still hope?" she cried to John, who added, "I suppose there is still a chance, they haven't found a body yet ... but I think it must be nearly over - the signs are as black as they can be." It is quite enjoyable to see the parents drowning in their own naivete,

THE PAYNES: Colin, John, Julie and Brenda wait for news—haunted by their fears

fighting the images of their little child being clawed and pawed to death. Detective Chief Superintendent David Little deals the crushing blow, "we are now searching for a body - what little hope we had of finding her alive has almost diappeared." The weak parents now see the real picture; the true realization of Marie's little crying face covered in bruises and splashed in blood and warm white sperm.

Mrs. Payne has been put on increasing amounts of tranquilizers since she braved the ordeal of identifying her child's fuck-ridden clothes. Brenda says "Marie's constantly on my mind. I look around for her and she's not there. Everytime I see a little child my mind goes back to Marie, I'm trying hard but everything brings it all back." John says "poor Brenda is in complete despair. I'm trying to carry on for her and our other two kids."

The Friday Fiend has completely ruined Marie's family's entire lives, and did so by simply having his way with their worthless little daughter's cunt and ass. The Friday Fiend is a true genius and our debt to him is great. He

hasn't been caught by the law and yet, his followers get to pick the bones of little Marie's slowly dying family and it is indeed a glorious corpse. The pain of the family is penultimate to the physical attack and we wish The Fiend all the best of luck, continued success and thank him deeply for the feast he has given us. It is left up to Mrs. Payne, however, to pay him the ultimate compliment; "Whoever it is must be heartless, knowing what were going through", the old cunt boo-hoos.

It will do us well now, to look back at Ian Brady's torture of little Lesley Ann Downey to help us imagine the pleasure The Friday Fiend enjoyed with little Marie, Caroline and Susan.

Playing on the supposed link between females, Myra Hindley lured little Lesley (age 10) from the fairground where she was playing. Brady, Hindley's lord and master, knew that the little girl would trust Myra like a mother and so used her as a decoy to attain his lofty pleasures. The little girl was stolen from her mother the day after Christmas. Brady picked a marvelous day for his luxuries as he attached a stigma to the holiday season that will haunt the wretched old woman forever. "I still have the presents that she got that Christmas - a nurse's outfit and a sewing machine. That night when she left me forever, I was going to show her how to use it." It is quite amusing, these Christmas images, every December 25 now Mrs. Downey sits next to her bright tree and cries and bawls for her dead daughter. The daughter that was tortured and beaten and fucked enumerable ways while little kids of the same age played, laughing in the snow with their brand new toys.

Brady made sure he extracted the most from the ten-year-old's pains, so he tape recorded her screams, pleas and tears and took photos of her darling naked body. Brady forced her to take off her delicate clothes and instructed Myra to help with her pretty little buttons. He then tied a black scarf around her mouth to keep her quiet and make her cry. Brady took luscious photos of the tiny girl in various "indecent poses". She was wearing only her socks and shoes and of course, the black gag. Little tits with pink nipples and tight virgin cunt. Her eyes were watery

Ian Brady.

Myra Hindley.

10-year-old Lesley Downey, whose naked body was found in a shallow grave

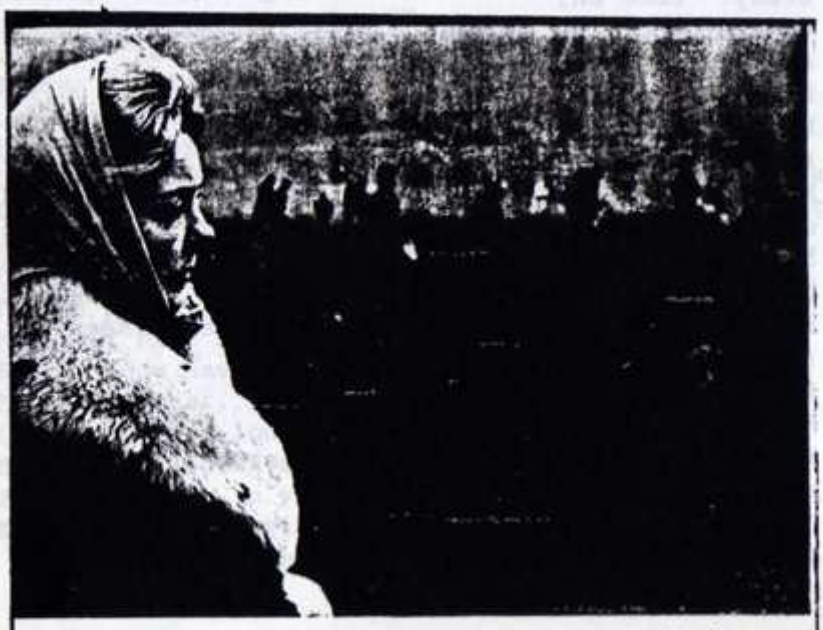
and terrified, bringing quite a palatable air to her obscene poses. Brady knew exactly what made the pictures so enticing, the girl's pain and fright was obviously extreme. Of the photos that Mrs. Downey later looked at to confirm her daughter's identification, she whined "the police showed me two photographs of Lesley, the last taken when she was alive. She only had her shoes and socks. Her arms were tied together with a black cord. She was gagged with a black cloth and sitting on a bed." Just as Mrs. Downey's Christmas pain is enjoyable to recall, so too is the image of her eyeing the pictures Brady took of her puppy. Her mind's eye switches from lovely cradle portraits to naked torture pornography. Her pain is extreme and deliciously titillating for us all.

"She was petrified in those pictures. I could tell it by her face. A mother can tell."

"How long did they keep her there? Not very long I hope. But it must have been quite a while to take all those pictures. The necklace that her brother Terence gave her for Christmas was still around her neck. It only had a cheap catch, so that if there was any struggle, I'm sure it would have been broken."

Again, a mother's false hope adds to our enjoyment. She tries to allay her worst fears by believing that maybe her daughter wasn't treated roughly, even though she knows her daughter was found with only half a face. "I identified Lesley's clothes after they brought the picture. I also had to identify the body because they may have been her clothes and another girl's body. It was her alright, although she only had half a face. I only hope it was caused by decomposition." She then asked a journalist, "do you think it might have been something terrible they did to her before she died?" The doctor who did the autopsy on dead Lesley said he couldn't rule out suffocation or a massive head blow as cause of death. Because Brady murdered 16 year old homosexual Edward Evans by smashing his head fourteen times with an axe (spilling blood, skull and brains all over Brady's living room), we are more likely to believe Lesley's half head is missing due to similar pleasures. The pretty little Lesley with her mother's black hair getting axed in the face is a glorious picture. Little ten-year-old blood and brains on soft white skin, skull fragments in her little cunt.

The tape recording of the torture is remarkable. Although much is inaudible, and it is certain that much



Lesley Downey's mother watches the search for her daughter's body.

more took place than what is on the tape, it is still a great joy to hear - Brady's mastery is clearly in evidence. At the time of the trial, a great furor was caused by the question of what exactly Brady and Myra were trying to force into the demure virgin's mouth. As it doesn't seem likely that Brady would waste sixteen minutes trying to force a gag down her throat, it is most probable that the master was sticking his cock in her 10 year old mouth hole. Brilliant.

Lesley: (screaming) "Don't! Mum, ah!"
Myra: "Shut up!"
Lesley· "Please, God, help me! ah - please - oh!"
Myra: "Come on."
Lesley: "Please, please -oh! (faintly) Help, oh! I can't while you have hold of my neck. Oh! (loud scream) ...(shrieking) Help!"
(faint screams, gurgles, heavy breathing)
Myra: "Sh...sh... sit down and be quiet."
Brady: "Go on."
(Lesley crying)
Myra: (whispering) "You'll be alright ... sit down and be quiet."
Brady· "Come on."
(Lesley's crying becomes muffled - something has been stuffed into her mouth)
Brady: "Here."
Myra: "Hush. Hush, go on. Sit."
(Lesley crying)
Myra: "You're all right. Hush, hush. Put it in your mouth. Put it in your mouth and keep it in and you'll be all right. Put it in. Stop it. If you don't - sh! In your mouth - hush, hush! Shut up or I'll forget myself and hit you one. I'll hit you one! Keep it in!"
(Lesley whimpering)
Brady: "Put it in."
Myra: "Put it in."
Brady: "Put it in - keep it in - stop it now. Stop it now."
Myra: "I am only doing this, and you will be all right. Put it in your mouth. Put it in now.

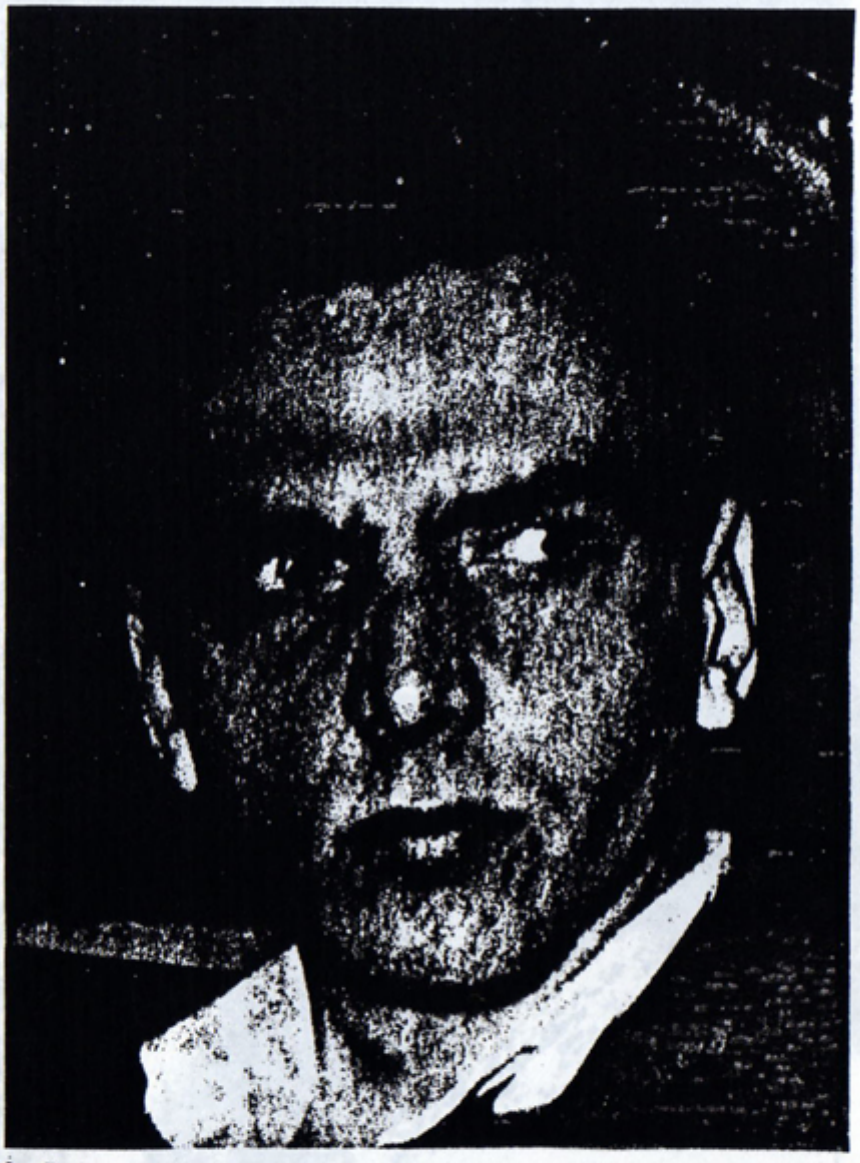
... Will you stop it! Stop it! Shut up!"
Lesley: "Can I tell you something? I must tell you something. Please take your hands off me a minute - Please! ... mummy, daddy ...Please!
...Please, mum, please - I can't tell you. I can't breath...I can't bear it ... Please, God ...
Why? What are you going to do with me?"
Brady: "I want to take some photographs, that is all."
Lesley: (crying, sobbing) "Don't undress me, will you? I want to see my mummy ... Honest to God. I will swear on the bible... I've got to go because I'm going out with my mama. Please, please help me, will you?
What are you going to do with me?"
Brady: "I am going to take some photographs. Put it in your mouth."
Lesley: "What for?"
Brady: "Put it in your mouth. Right in."
Lesley: "I am not going to do anything."
Brady: "Put it in. If you don't keep that hand down, I'll slit your neck. Put it in."
Lesley: "Won't you let me go please?"
Brady: "No, no, put it in. Stop talking. The longer it takes you to do this the longer it takes you to go home."
(Lesley whimpering)
Brady: "What is your name?"
Lesley: "Lesley."
Brady: "Lesley what?"
Lesley: "Ann."
(Lesley sobbing frantically)
Lesley: "I have got to get home before eight o' clock. I have got to get ... or I will get killed if I don't. Honest to God!"
(movement, steps, etc.)
Brady: "What is it?"
Myra: "I have left the light on."
Brady: "You have?"
Myra: "So that..."
(Lesley crying loudly)
Lesley: "It hurts me neck."
Brady: "Put it in your mouth and you'll be all right."
Myra: "Shut up crying!"

Lesley: (shrieking) "It hurts me!"
Myra: "Hush. Shut up now. Put it in and don't dally. Just keep your mouth shut, please.
... Wait a bit. I'll put this on again. Do you get me?"
Lesley: (whining) "No, I ...(mumbling, crying)
Myra: "Sh. Shush. Put it in your mouth again packed more solid ...no, it's all right."
Brady: "Eh?"

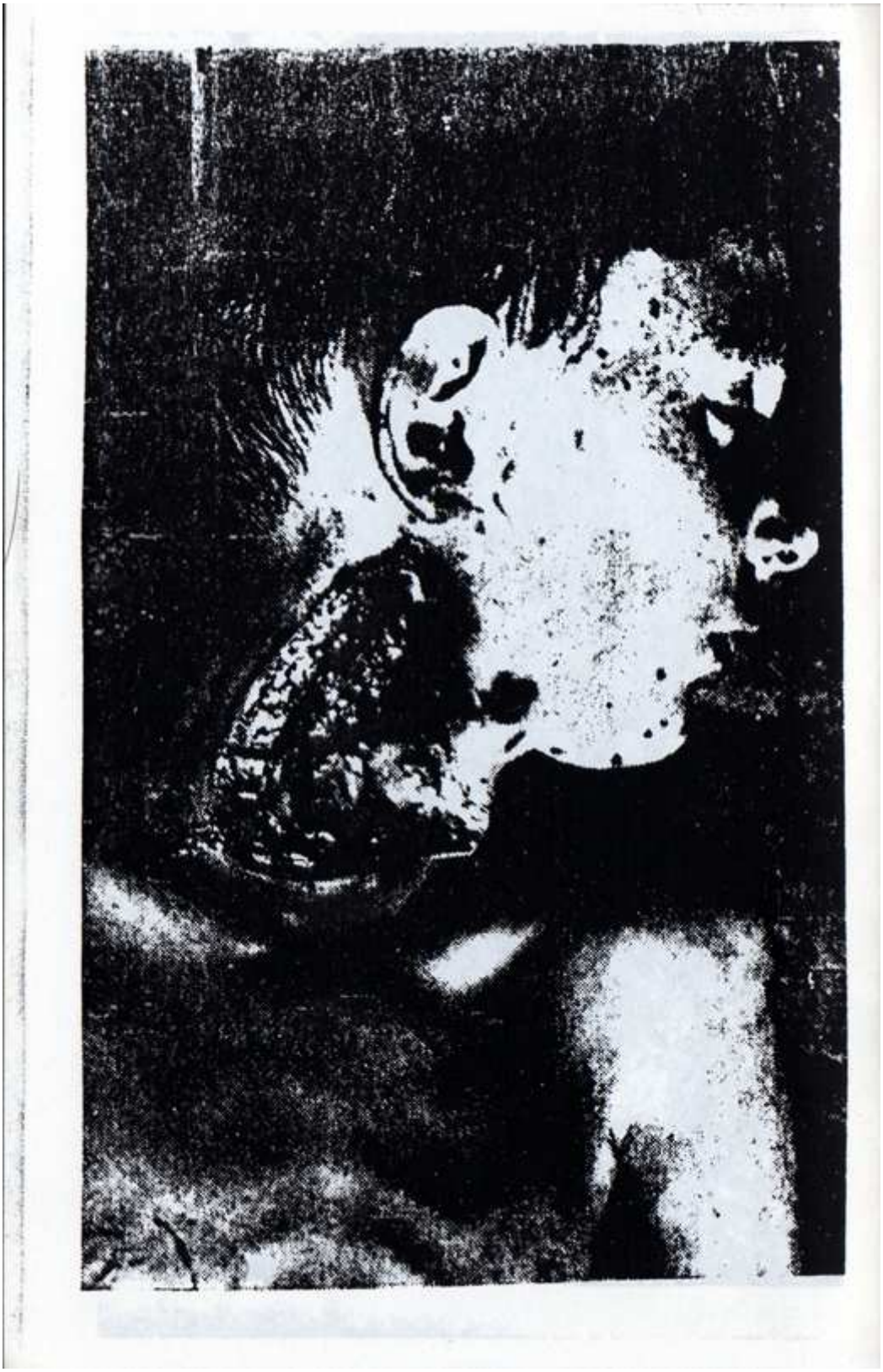
Three loud cracks were next heard on the tape. Brady explained they were the sound of his camera tripod being lowered. But, knowing Brady's libertine tastes, we can assume (as has been widely speculated) that perhaps it was the rich sound of Lesley's head cracking under Brady's axe. Mrs. Downey heard most of the tape in court and we can bask in her distress at seeing her daughter's splattering skull, fallen face and blood soaked hair peeling off Brady's heavy weapon. Christmas music, "The Little Drummer Boy", was the last thing heard on the tape.

Little Lesley died a brutal, prolonged death at the mighty hands of Ian Brady. Mrs. Downey dies a slower and numbing death, because of his ingenuity and lustful tastes. Brady had his fun with poor pure Lesley. Mrs. Downey remembers her; "Lesleys' always very neat. She keeps her own room beautiful. She is such a modest little girl, very innocent minded. She never walks around in her underclothes, or pajamas even." Ann speaks in the present tense to pretend her daughter is still alive. But when the memories hit her, she remembers Brady and talks in past tense. "She was not developed in anyway, but in the pictures, she was trying to hide as much of her poor little body as possible with her little hands." Mrs. Downey regresses to past tense when she sees Brady. Ian Brady fucked her little girl, tortured and manhandled her little girl, and finally killed her little cunt. As innocent minded as Mrs. Downey likes to think Lesley was, deep down she knows that Lesley died knowing what Brady's hairy cock and balls tasted like.

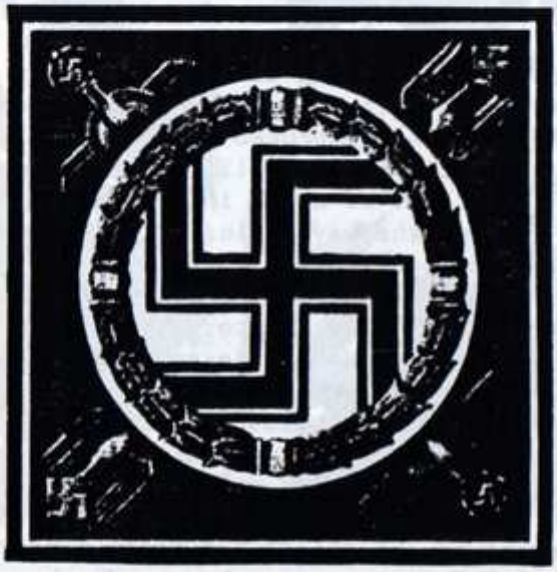
MOTHER
Downey.



Ian Brady



NAZI TRIUMPHS



Dead jews. jew generation upon jew generation, jewish body upon jewish body, money-sniffing jew upon parasitic princess, broken supercilious jew nose upon cheap jewish cunt. The mighty Third Reich, under the direction of Ubermensch Adolph Hitler, took care of the subhumans who rested a thorn in his side, and with the possible exception of the glorious Roman Empire; The Reich's ancestor and analogous brother to be sure, these subhumans never witnesse a power as strong and malevolent as Hitler's Nazi Elite. The blood-soaked lebensraum fist of The Nazi Movement gave free vent to the master race's sadistic natures and tastes and allowed it's illuminaries, technicians and soldiers the supreme pleasure of crushing wave upon wave of ignoble sect and horde. Death camps such as Ravensbruck, Buchenwald and Treblinka tortured, executed and shat out semetic, pole and other race wastes by the millions. Mengele, Himmler, Koch, Grese - the list of names in The Master Elite, who spearheaded and led the way in lustful and ingenious tortures, is almost endless.

The history of The Third Reich is well known and chronicled, but sadly, this history has been largely recapitulated and regurgitated by race-serving and money-grubbing jewish hacks, who strain to mumble a point in their pulp pages. Page upon page of these "history" books is devoted to the quiet strength of the jew nation; the inner glowing strength of the worms as they walked, heads held high, to the ovens at Birkenau. The clandestine pride that shines through a jewess as she raises her boney hand to swat at a evil Nazi just before he stomps her to death.

Clearly, a jewess lying sick and bloody in the mud of Auschwitz, has no pride whatsoever, yet conveniently moralistic and jewish scribblers try laboriously to convince the reader that she does. The closest jewish shit can come to honor is that they might catch a drop of Nazi cum between the truncheon blows that rain down upon their yarmulkes. In an effort then, to firstly give an accurate account of the ingenuity and extreme taste that the Nazi SS operated under (provided largely by photos - see if you can spot the beaming semetic honor and pride) and secondly, to pay the proper respect to those who deserve it (as The Nazis, their boots soiled from millions of whimpering vermin, so richly do), we present ...NAZI TRIUMPHS!

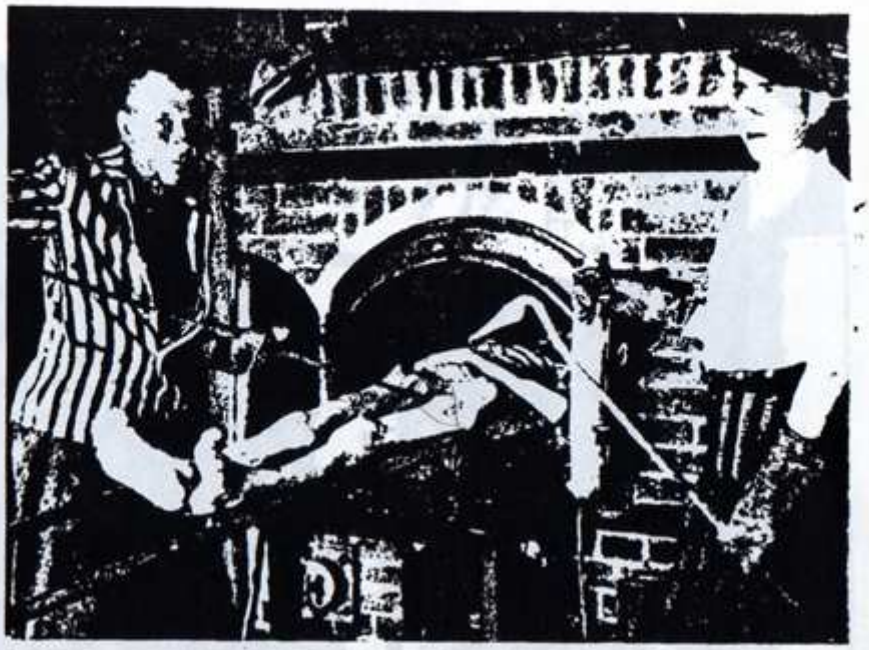
"It has nothing to do with hate. They were so weak; they allowed everything to happen - to be done to them. They were people with whom there was no common ground, no possibility of communication - that is how contempt is born. I could never understand how they could just give in as they did. Quite recently I read a book about lemmings, who every five or six years just wander into the sea and die; that made me think of Treblinka."

- FRANZ STANGL
Commandant of TREBLINKA

"GANZ NACKT, SCHUHE ZUSAMMENBINDEN, GELD UND DOKUMENTE MITNEHEMEN"

"JETZT MUSS ES JA EINMAL DRAN GEHEN"

The genius of DR. JOSEF MENGELE.



"As I have already frequently said, the jews have strongly developed family feelings. They stick together like limpets. Nevertheless, according to my observations, thay lack solidarity. One would have thought that in a situation such as this they would inevitably help and protect one another. But no, quite the contrary. I have often known and heard of jews, particularly those from Western Europe, who revealed the addresses of those members of their race still in hiding.

"One woman, already in the gas-chamber, shouted out to a non-commissioned officer the address of a jewish family. A man who, to judge by his clothes and deportment, appeared to be of very good standing, gave me, while undressing, a piece of paper on which was a list of addresses of dutch families who were hiding jews.

"I do not know what induced the jews to give such information. Was it for reasons of personal revenge, or were they jealous that those others should survive?"

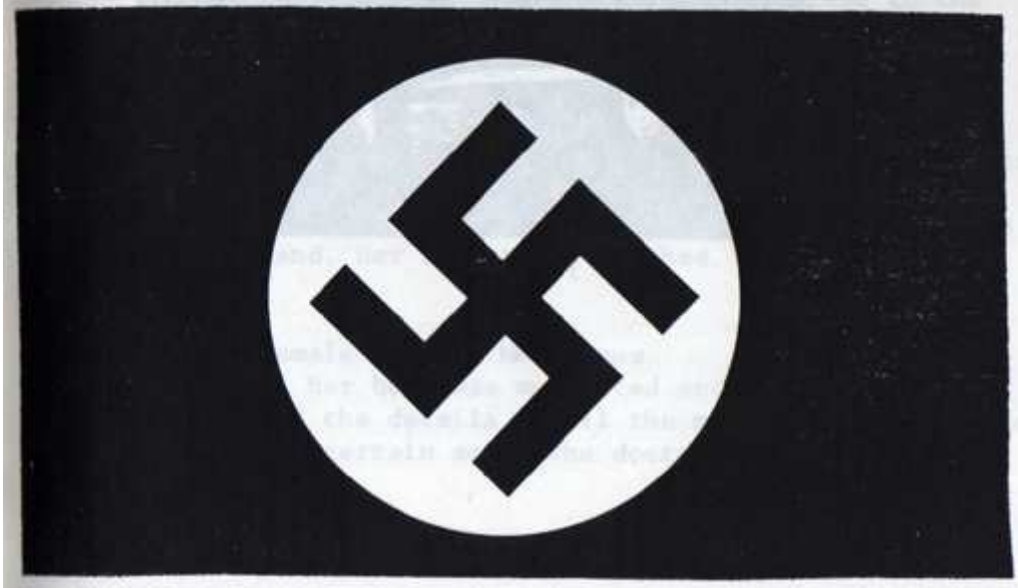
- RUDOLF HOESS
Commandant of AUSCHWITZ.

His arm hacked off, he was left to die among corpses.

"When man attempts to rebel against the iron logic of nature, he comes into struggle with the principles to which he himself owes his existence as a man, and this attack must lead to his own doom.

"Here of course, we encounter the objection of the modern pacifist, as truely jewish in it's effrontery as it is stupid! 'Man's role is to overcome nature'."

- ADOLPH HITLER



JOSEPH VACHER

LUSTMORD

"L' EVENTREUR DU SUD-EST"

JOSEPH VACHER
1869-1898

Photo taken at the Maust brotherhood in France. Vacher was dismissed from the brotherhood after he attempted to rape a young male servent. He masturbated many of the monks while he stayed with them.

"A sort of frenzy drove me blindly forward to commit my crimes. Never did I look for my victims: chance meetings decided their fates. The poor creatures need not be pitied. None of them suffered longer than ten minutes."

March 20,1894
21 year old female - Eugenie Delhomme

Strangled to death, so viscious was the attack that her throat still bore the marks of his fingers. Vacher had also forced her mouth shut so tightly that her own teeth pierced through her lower lip. Her throat was cut, her abdomen trampled and stomped on. Pieces of her breast had been ripped out. The corpse had been necrophiliously raped.

"It seems to me, that my lust to kill was less in the case of my first victim than with the others."

November 20,1894
13 year old female - Louise Marcel

Murdered and mutilated with one of the many large knives he always carried with him. The little girl had tried to fight as evidenced by the deep knife slashes in the fingers of her left hand. Her throat was slashed.

May 12,1895
17 year old female - Adele Mortureux

Strangled. Her body was mutilated and disemboweled. Although all of the details of all the murders have not been released, it is certain among the doctors who examined

Vacher that he practiced cannabalism. Also most bodies had been chewed immediatly after their death. Many corpses were rife with deep teeth marks.

August 24,1895
58 year old female - Mme Morand

Vacher attacked this old widow in her home, slaughtering her with her own kitchen knife. She was strangled and Vacher disemboweled her dead body. He then raped and otherwise sexually abused the old eviscerated cadaver.

August 27,1895
16 year old female - Allaise

Just a few days after the last attack, Vacher killed this sixteen year old. Her throat had been sliced and an attempt was made to rip the abdomen open.

August 31, 1895
17 year old male - Victor Portalier

Vacher's third murder in only eight days. The boy was strangled and mutilated. There were knife wounds in the stomach, thoracic region and another in the breast. Three large wounds cut deeply into the boy's neck. The bloody remains had been sodomized.

"I went up to the shepherd - I said nothing to him - I seized him suddenly by the throat and I killed him with a knife - I don't know which one. The child put up a fight - he yelled alot. I killed him - but I didn't rape him - I bit into his testicles."

September 29,1895
15 year old male - Pierre Massot-Pelet

Mutilated. Vacher had also cut off the boy's genitals and then sexually violated the cadaver.

September 10,1896
19 year old female - Marie Moussier

Marie had only recently been married when Vacher attacked her. He sexually assaulted and mutilated her corpse. Teeth marks were imbedded deep into her face.

October 1,1896
14 year old female - unidentified shepherdess
This little girl had been raped violently after her murder and mutilation. Vacher also cut out her genitals and took them away with him. Presumably for a cannabalistic feast.

May 27,1897
14 year old male - Beaupied
Mutilated and the remains sodomized. The dead body had been dumped down a well and only discovered when Vacher told the authorities. The boy was a tramp and hardly missed.

June 18,1897
13 year old male - Pierre Laurent
Vacher performed anal intercourse on the boy's corpse after mutilating it thoroughly.

Vacher was convicted of the above 11 murders/mutilations, but law officials have cited 3 other killings as definitely his. Doctors said that Vacher is probably responsible for at least 15 other murders, over and above the 14 listed here as well as 6 attempted murders.

September 29,1890
9 year old male - Olympe Buisson
This small child had been stabbed to death. He was also disemboweled and raped after his brutal death.

September 6,1895
30 year old female - Francine Rouvray
This old women was murdered and then eviscerated with a large knife. There was an apparent attempt at decapitation, as her neck had been hacked almost completely through.

Febuary 23,1897
no age given - Celestin Gautrais
Butchered and mutilated. then sexually assaulted. All of Vacher's works carried similar traits of great brutalities and tremendous lusts. When he was apprehended (after a failed attack on a women in a forest) he yelled to a

passer-by:

"Why am I being dragged off? Do you know why, you? It's because I wanted a woman. Yes, and if I could have I'd have raped her. And if she'd been twelve or thirteen, it would have been even better. I like the shepherdesses best."

LUSTMORD NEXT ISSUE: PETER SUTCLIFFE.

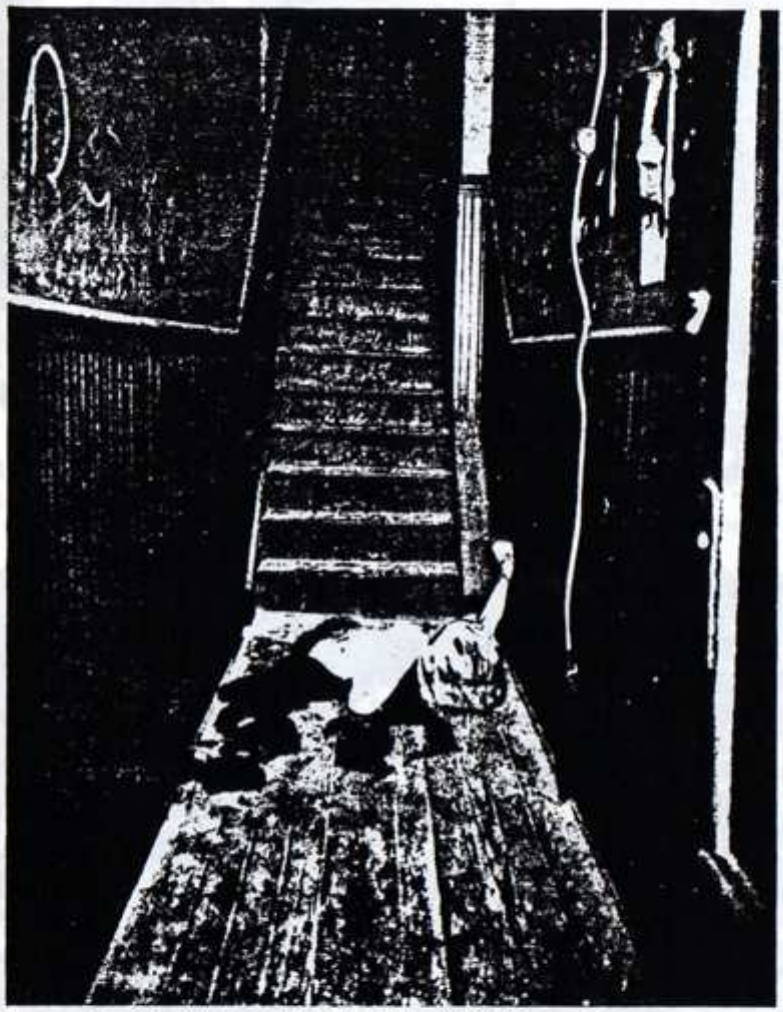


FIG. 30. EROTIC MURDER—STABBING AND CUTTING—SCENE OF CRIME

Body of Indian girl lying in hallway of tenement house. Multiple stab-wounds of chest and throat causing death from hemorrhage. (Office of Chief Medical Examiner, Essex County, N. J.)

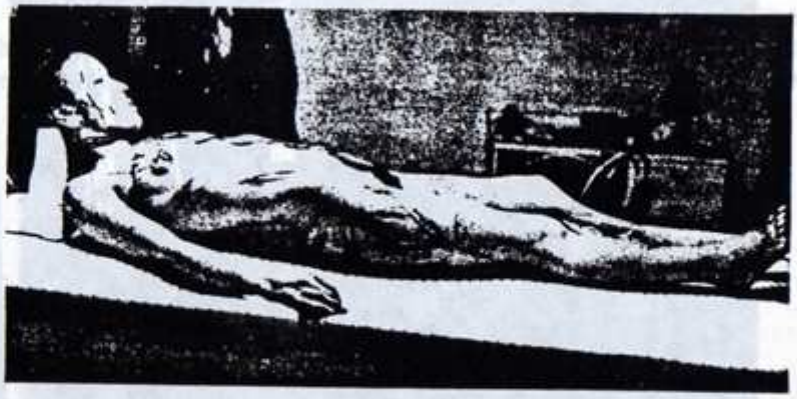
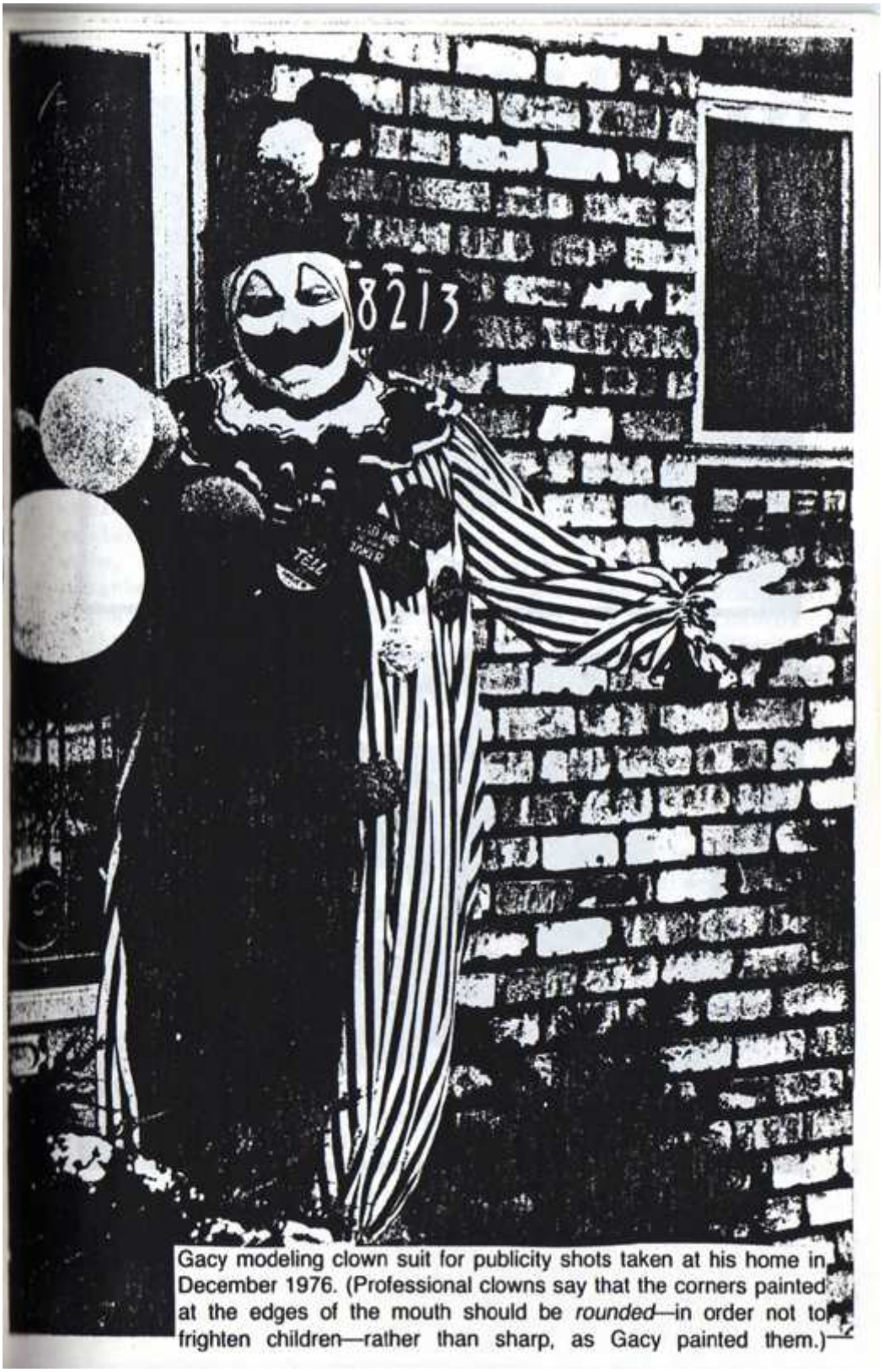


FIG. 31. BODY OF VICTIM SHOWN IN FIGURE 30

Body shows over 95 stabwounds and cuts, most of them made after death. Note absence of bleeding in most of the cuts. (Office of Chief Medical Examiner, Essex County, N. J.)

FIG. 32. THE SAME BODY SHOWN IN FIGURE 31

(Office of Chief Medical Examiner, Essex County, N. J.)



Gacy modeling clown suit for publicity shots taken at his home in December 1976. (Professional clowns say that the corners painted at the edges of the mouth should be *rounded*—in order not to frighten children—rather than sharp, as Gacy painted them.)

UP THE ASS

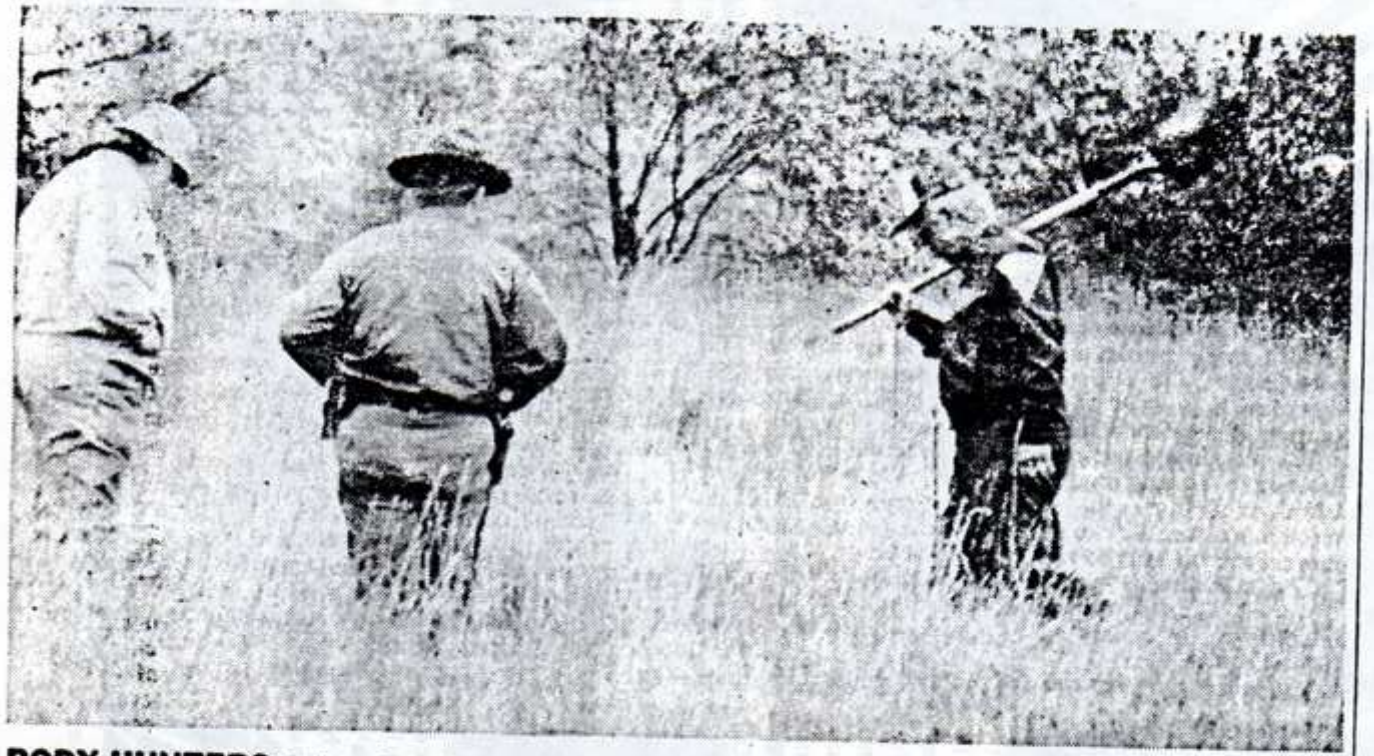
LARRY EYLER

Larry Eyler is charged with one of the twenty brutal mutilations and murders now being touted as the "Homosexual Killings" that have surrounded Chicago's and Indiana's gay communities. Eyler lives in Chicago (3249 N. Greenview) where he works as a housepainter. He also maintains a residence in Terre Haute, Indiana. He's been described as a warm, compassionate and quiet person by his friends and neighbors and as a "homosexual with a hatred of himself for being a homosexual" by Lake County Sheriff, Robert Babcox (Lake County is just one of more than a dozen jurisdictions between Chicago and Indiana that has found bodies). Several references have been made concerning Eyler's connections in the seedier gay areas as well as his "macho image". When he was put in jail, Larry asked that he be allowed visits by his priest and also requested his rosary and a bible.

Twenty bodies have been unearthed so far and have all been attributed to one lone homo-murderer. All the bodies have (obviously) been male and most were white but at least one was black. Most of the bodies were sexually assaulted, evidenced by the dishevelment of their clothing. The shirts were pulled up over their faces (or rather, what was left of them) and their pants down around their ankles. The bodies had all been stabbed numerous times, attesting to the great violence and brutality of the murderer's lusts. Although only a few of the bodies have been identified, because some were badly decomposed, the following details have been made available:

All the bodies were murdered by multiple stab, slash and rip attacks using a large knife or knives.

A few miles from the Tri-State Tollway in Lake Forest, Gustavo Heuvera (28) was found literally butch-



BODY HUNTERS: Indiana State Police and Newton County sheriff's officers search an area near Lake Village, Ind., for more bodies after finding the fourth in their search Wednesday.

ered with multiple stab blows to his torso and also his right hand had been severed and tossed a couple of feet away from his mangled remains.

Found in a forest in Kankakee County, a former nineteen-year-old Steve Crokett had been stabbed and torn into a tremendous thirty-two times!

One young thing of about sixteen was found mutilated and lying on top of a garbage heap. Sprawled underneath his bloody, maggot-ridden meat mess was a mutilated dog's body. The stench must have been incredibly thick as the two commingling corpses remained undetected for quite a few weeks.

Ralph Calise had been stabbed in the chest and abdomen a great amount of times (knife wounds ripping knife wounds) and found less than twelve hours after he had been done. It is with Calise's fucked body that Larry is charged with murder.

Most of the corpses were found in remote areas (though some were deposited near busy roads and highways) and also in communal graves such as the one on an abandoned farm in Newton, Indiana. This farm site produced four loosely buried bodies that lied in rot, undetected for many months. One of the bodies found there had been decapitated.

Eyler was identified by two separate homos who said they had met him long before he was suspect in the killings, and in both cases, that Larry had treated them rather roughly. One from the art-fag Rogers Park neighborhood of Chicago, says that Eyler picked him up outside a Chicago restaurant and drove him to a secluded rural area where they struggled and fought. The cry-baby queer said that Eyler beat him and drugged him, then tied him up, and finally stabbed him in the stomach a few times before he was able to escape. Another swish charged Eyler with stabbing him after the two engaged in ass-fucking and bondage. Eyler says the two had an argument and as they wrestled, he accidently stabbed the loser with the knife he used to cut the bondage restraints. He says he forgot he was still holding the knife as they started to fight. After keeping Larry under surveillance for quite some time (so much time

Larry W. Eyler

Murder suspect Larry W. Eyler leaves the courtroom

in fact, that Larry had his family lawyer file suit against the police harassment), the FBI finally arrested him when they found a blood soaked hunting knife, handcuffs and a piece of clothesline in his truck.

The press has taken to referring to the murders as "John Wayne Gacy style", and while the tools do seem to point to tastes and methods shared with the former Chicago master mass murderer, there seems to be significant differences as well. In fact, Eyler looks to have much more in common with the late great Mr. Dean Corll, the "Candy Man", who mastered twenty-seven young boys in Houston in the early seventies. Until further evidence becomes available (Eyler's trial in mid-January should prove very exciting), we have to rely on smatterings of information guarded by mounds of shit uttered from the mouths of moralistic morons and publicity seeking parasites. During the interim then, we can celebrate Larry's masterful crimes by recapping and paying the proper respect to his mentor's crimes.

DEAN CORLL

Dean Corll was supposed to pay Wayne Henley and David Brooks $200 for each little boy they brought him. Corll would sex-torture, mutilate and murder them. Of course,

Dean Arnold Corll.

Wayne Henley (left) and David Brooks

Dean rarely ever paid Brooks and Henley the full amount, that is if he paid them at all. And yet, the two young men knowing full well what they were doing, continued to work for him, considering Corll a father figure and their best friend.

Dean Corll, posthumously named "The Candy Man", was well known throughout The Heights (a worn-out neighborhood near Houston) where he lived, worked and operated. Friends and neighbors thought of him as a nice, quiet fellow, who had a great concern and love for children, evidenced in the way he gave them free candy from his mother's candy factory and by inviting them to parties at his house. One neighbor remembered: "he minded his own business and he was the type of guy if you needed some help he would be willin'" (you will remember that many of Larry Eyler's friends have crawled out of the woodwork (closet?) to proclaim Larry's innocence by describing what a nice, gentle man he is). Wayne Henley and David Brooks were considered very nice people as well. Wayne in fact, even helped a distraught mother distribute flyers that searched for her missing son. Needless to add, Wayne had helped Dean torture and kill the lad a few days previous.

Dean explained to Wayne and David the type of boys he preferred: young (very young!), good-looking and white. Dean threw the parties at his house so he could point out the ones he liked so that later Wayne or David could fetch them for him. Once Dean had the kid, he would "have his fun" with them, while David would usually leave or just watch but Wayne joined in, participating in some of the tortures and most of the murders. David noted, "Wayne seemed to enjoy causing pain and he was extremely sadistic at the Schuler address". Corll moved often, though always staying near Houston; Schuler is just one of his many torture houses.

The tender boy-victims were shackled to a large, yellow wooden plank that had handcuffs attached to it's corners. "Once they went on the board, they were as good as dead", Wayne said as he recounted the events for police and press. Dean would lick and suck on the boy's flacid-from-fright dicks and then violently rape their young assholes. Most of the boys were between 13 and 15, the youngest was a delicious 9 year old. Dean was especially severe and brutal

in the ass, so violent that Wayne and David often refused to watch. Dean also used a 17 inch double-headed rubber dildo on the youngster's little shit-holes. The 9 year old's tight ass must have been split in two! Electricians tape was fastened to the victim's mouth to stop their screaming. It should also be mentioned that Dean was of a very strong constitution - six feet tall and two hundred pounds with very little fat. Rest assured that even without the aid of that monster dildo, the little boys experienced tremendous pain as Dean pummelled and ripped into them with his hard and mighty cock. Most of the boys were not homosexual, but rather straight young things from the suburbs, making their assholes all the more tighter and all the more pleasurable as we consider Dean forcing his thick flesh up their blood and shit covered assholes. Dean also performed ingenious and glorious tortures on the poor young babies. He would insert long and extremely thin rods of glass into and up the little tyke's prick-holes and then snap the rod in two - leaving the end of the tube up the child's penis to torture the kid unceasingly until he was finally allowed to die. The pain was immensly extreme - an intense pressure throbbin from inside the cock, blood forcing itself out in slow, numbing thin drools, the constant reminder of pain from the brittle glass against the torn and shredded meat inside. Brilliant. Dean was also fond of pulling the boy's pubic hairs out, allowing him the supreme pleasure of observing the pained winces and jolts, as he slowly pulled them out hair by hair, first with a pliers and then with his teeth. Some of the corpses, dug up from Dean's boat shed (one of the three main burial sites, seventeen bodies were found in the shed), had had their genitals completely severed from their bodies. Others had their penises chewed right through - some nearly in half. Some looked to have been mutilated by teeth, others perhaps by a dull knife. This is indeed, another tribute to the master fuck-man Corll, on his knees in front of a little crying boy, tasting the the thick warm blood that fills his mouth as he bites and chews and gnaws the kid's barely grown cock. The blood and spit drip out of his mouth and down his neck as the little boy's little dick lolls and spasms against his tongue and at the back of his throat. Dean all the time clasping the

Dean

the fleshy gristle with his hard, tearing teeth. Bone scraping tough veined muscle, then bone on bone, as his teeth scrape against each other through the mutilated and eaten bloody meat. Pulling and chomping at the little white boy's balls, exposing veins and nerve-endings, sending waves of incredible pain through the child's aching sore being. Pure ecstasy, Dean spills his hot cum into the crying child's wounds. No less enjoyable, is the image of Dean using the dull knife across the kid's little dick. Tearing away at the fleshy skin that forms a taut red dick that Dean molests in his rough and slippery palm. Tug, rip and cut as the blood splits from a brand new wound - scrape pull harder and cut again, as the little boy clenches his eyes shut tight and cries for his daddy. Dean, rubbing and smearing the blood from the mangled cock and balls all over the boy's firm stomach and thighs; a brutal libertine with glorious tastes!

Some of the bodies later dug up, were found with their chests completely caved in. Evidence that Corll abused other parts of the boy's bodies as well as the genitals, probably jumping up and down, kicking and booting and stomping all of his 200 pounds on the chests and limbs of the little tykes. A true illustration of his enormous and rampant lusts. Dean killed most of his little prizes by strangling them with his strong hands, though Wayne helped shoot some of them as well. Most of the boys knew Wayne as a friend and would plead for their lives. "Wayne, please don't do it!" they'd cry, just before Henley would fire into their puffed, red, watery-eyed faces.

All in all, Dean fucked and tortured twenty-seven young boys before his untimely demise. Henley shot him six times as Corll was preparing to torture him, his stupid girlfriend and another boy who Henley had brought to Dean's house for him. Corll was enraged when Wayne brought the girl into the house. He knew then that Wayne had outlived his usefulness. Dean, naked, with the girl and other boy shackled to the torture board was just about to attack when Henley killed him. Dean Corll, The Candy Man, went out in a true blaze of glory. Mors justi.

Cook County Sheriff's Police remove the remains of at least four victims from the crawl space beneath Gacy's home.

JOHN GACY

When police asked John Gacy about a two-by-four affixed with handcuffs that they found in his home, Gacy replied that he got the idea "From Elmer Wayne Henley, the guy in Texas". This posthumous tribute could not be more pleasing to the Candy Man's fans, or more deserving, as Gacy shared many of Corll's (and his procurors) tastes and peccadillos, and it is obvious his influence was great.

Gacy also liked white boys, although the type he preferred were a little older and looked a bit rougher. He, like Corll, enjoyed the taste of little dicks and often paid prostitutes for the pleasure. Brutal anal rape was another shared fetish, as was kiddie torture, though of varying extremes and different sensibilities. The boys themselves paid for those pleasures.

Big John became master of 33 young men and boys during his reign between 1972 and 1978. He picked most of them up in rough homosexual haunts around Chicago, but he also frequented bus stations and suburban shopping malls. At the

Remains of the twentieth body as it was found at 8213 Summerdale Avenue.

John Wayne Gacy.

Cook County Medical Examiner, Dr. Robert J. Stein, identifying skeletons of bodies found under Gacy's home. *(Wide World Photos)*

malls and depots, Gacy preyed on little lost or trusting stupid straights. Boys who would accept what they thought was kindness and concern, and be rewarded with torture and death. Gacy was an experienced con-man and a devious operator. John was also a professional clown.

Gacy would bring the kid to his home in the Chicago suburb of Norwood (8213 N. Summerdale) and entertain him with a clown trick or two. Gacy would show the naive, enthused punk the "handcuff trick", where the trick to release was simple - you only needed the key. Once shackled, the kid was in for an agonizing time, as John enjoyed beating children. Gacy would smash the kid about the head and face, and kick his body as he squirmed about blubbering like a baby on the floor. A kick in the balls and the boy's bloody face gets slammed against the floor tile. Turn the baby over for anal torture! Gacy would ram his fat, hardened cock up the boy's butt (Gacy is a big man - fat and mean). The boy choked under Gacy's immense bulk and struggled against his shackled hands. A great fan of tight assholes,

Gacy would rip them open further with a large dildo. Police later found it in Gacy's attic - covered in shit. Gacy definitely had his own tastes, he would let the shit cake up on the large, rubber weapon as a momento of his many triumphs as well as use the dirty shit as a brutal lubricant. Gacy beat the boy some more, stomping on his chest and then pissing all over the naked and bruised body. Gacy laughed and taunted the boy as his fat tool shot warm, yellow piss into his crying eyes and screaming mouth. In the throes of ecstasy, Gacy would tie a rope around the soaked, sore neck of the youngster, stick a piece of wood through one of the knots and slowly, strongly twist - crushing the adams apple and strangling the whimpering little useless. Often, the "rope trick" didn't do the trick as police found evidence that some of the boys had been buried alive.

Speaking of one boy that Gacy suspected of being a masochist, he said "but I took care of him, I tended to his particular sexual inclination ...I did the ultimate number on him". Forever the master, Gacy wasn't going to let anyone enjoy themselves more than he and showed the boy what he was really playing with. While Gacy ruined the boy's asshole, he would pull the boy's hair back, forcing the head all the way back onto his own back, further increasing the boy's already incredible pain and Gacy's extreme pleasure. He raped and ripped many young virgin assholes and then slept with the corpse after his intense lust quieted down. John was a necrophile and often fucked the pale, bloated and lifeless boy-meat in their dead, shitted assholes. Added enjoyment is had by remembering the stupid, suburban mothers at home, bawling their 50ish year old eyes out as they think about their little boy's cold bodies being fucked clean by Gacy's warm, naked bulk and hard cock. Dead fucks.

A day or so later, after the boy lay dead awhile, Gacy would bury it under his house in his crawlspace. Some of the boys that became his victims, worked for Gacy's construction firm, and Gacy had them dig holes in his crawlspace which, of course, would later become their graves. Pre-crime delights. After he had filled his entire crawlspace with little dead meats, John started tossing them over a bridge into the DesPlaines river, Gacy's vehement, ferocious lusts were

absolutely insatiable.

It is interesting to note that many of the homo bars that Gacy cruised (telling the faggots he was a cop) were also familiar to Larry Eyler. Perhaps, Larry used many of Gacy's techniques as well, paying then another tribute to the mentor ass-destroyer, Dean Corll. This time through a local hero and perfect model of influence, Mr. John Wayne Gacy. The tradition lives on.

"This proved a slow process so I decided to boil some of it, including the head. I put all the large bones out with the rubbish and other pieces into a tea chest."

DENNIS NILSEN - coming in PURE # 2